

GOLD
KEY

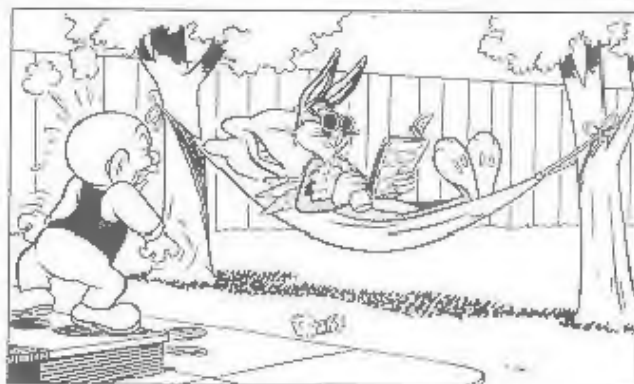
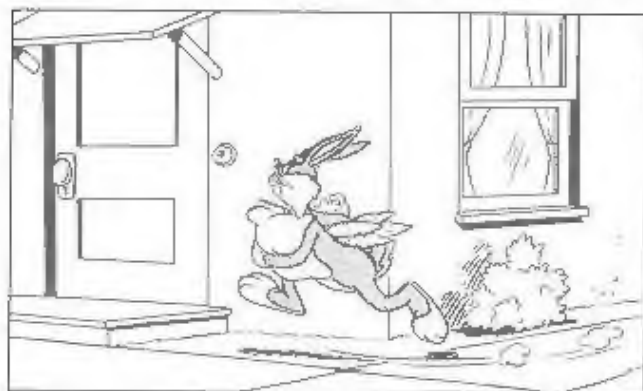
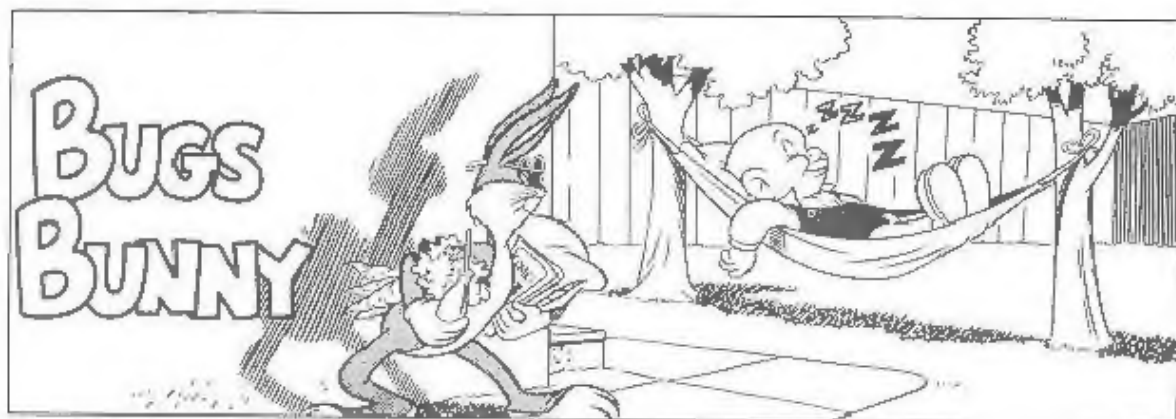
BUGS BUNNY

12c

BUGS BUNNY

10070-705
MAY



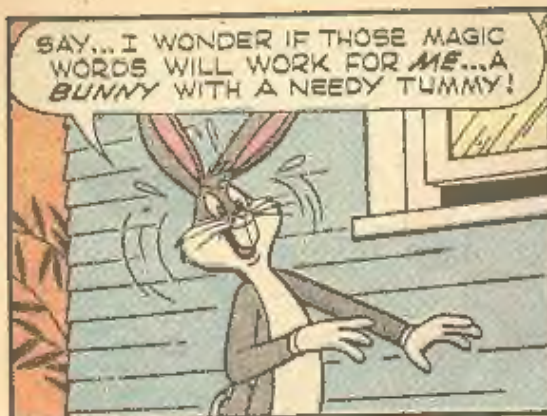




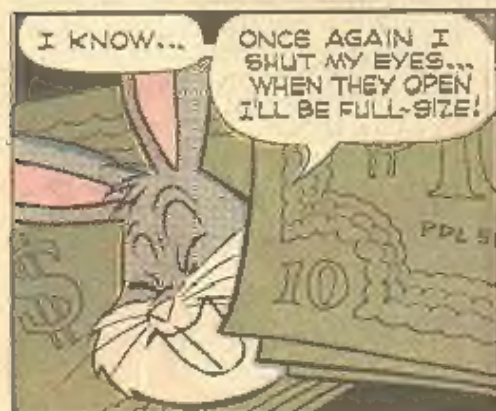
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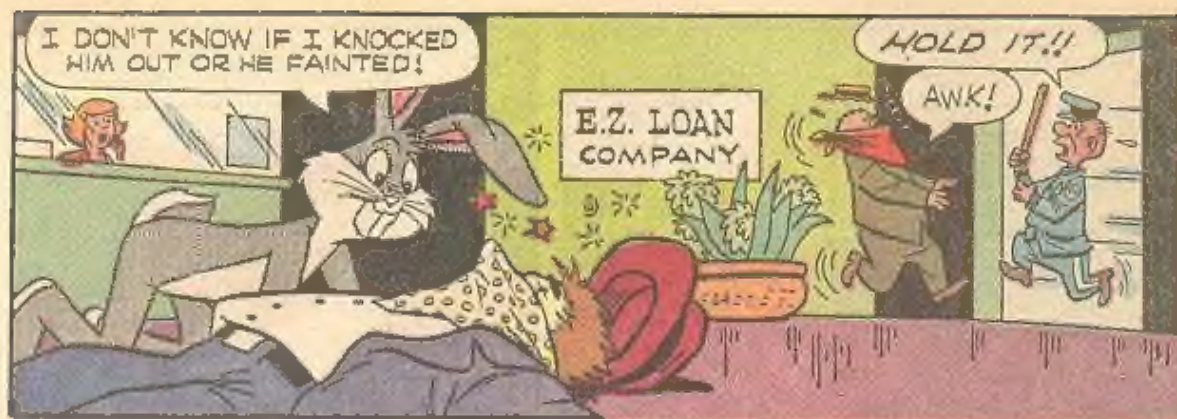
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.











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Bugs Bunny

THE TRACK
COACH

TODAY'S RACES SHOULD
BE TERRIFIC! IMAGINE, ALL
THE WORLD'S FASTEST
RUNNERS COMPETING!

INTERNATIONAL
TRACK AND FIELD MEET

ALL THE
WORLD'S
FASTEST
RUNNERS?

WOW! THAT INCLUDES
ME! I'D BETTER GET
IN THERE QUICK!

HEY!

aisle
12

HOLD UP THE RACE A
SECOND, DOC! IT'LL
JUST TAKE ME A
JIFFY TO GET IN
UNIFORM!

?

YOU CAN'T RACE
IN THIS MEET!

OH, NO? LOOKIT
THIS FORM! NOTICE
THE SNAZZY LEG
ACTION!

NOTICE THE QUICK
GETAWAY!

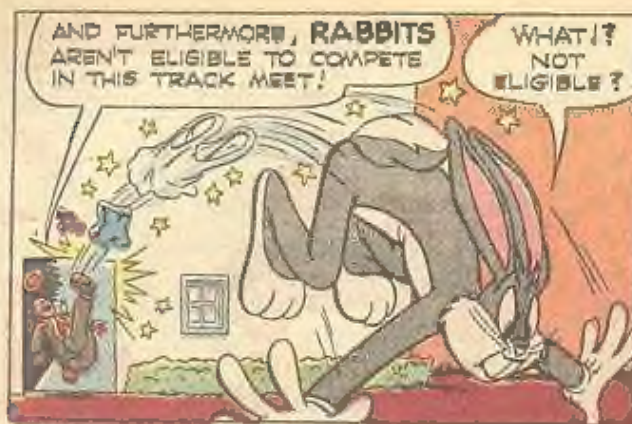
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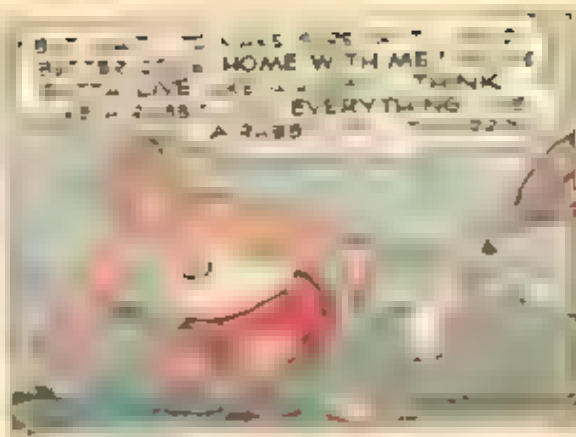
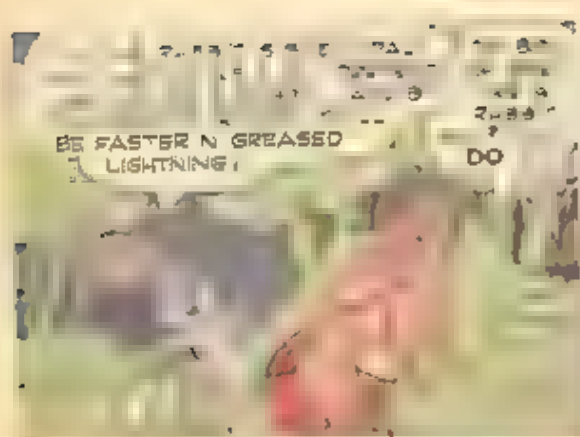
OOF!

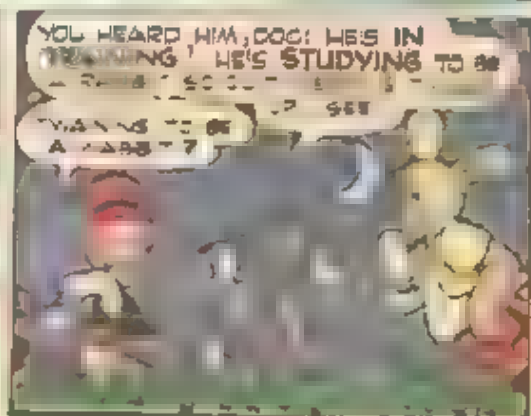
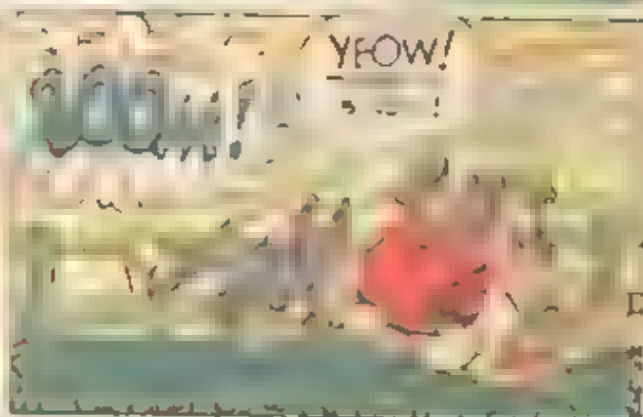
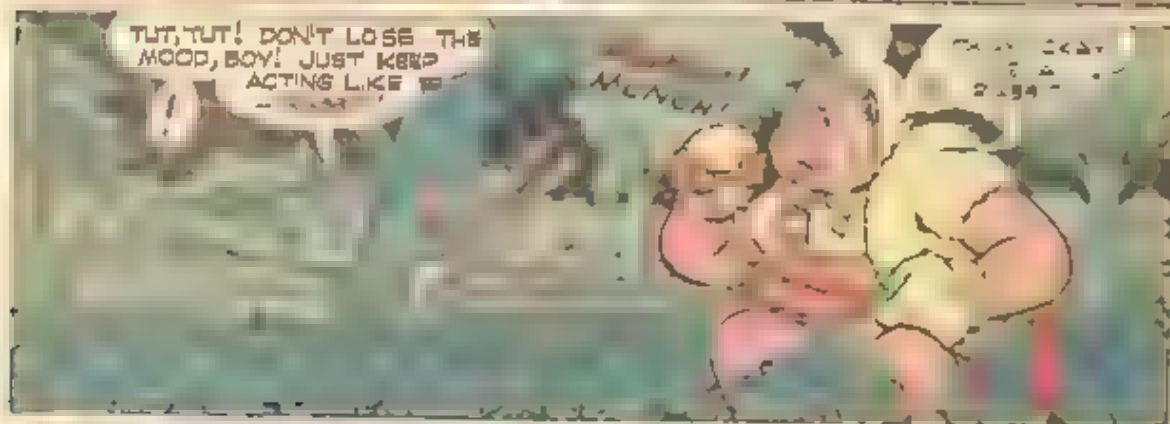
LOOK
OUT!

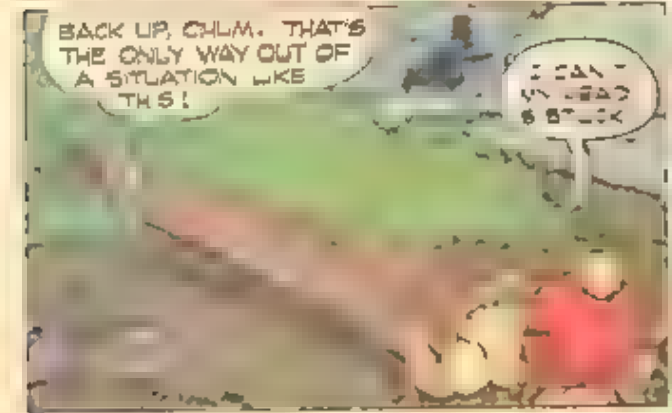
OH, YOU NUMBSKULL! YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO JUMP OVER HURDLES!

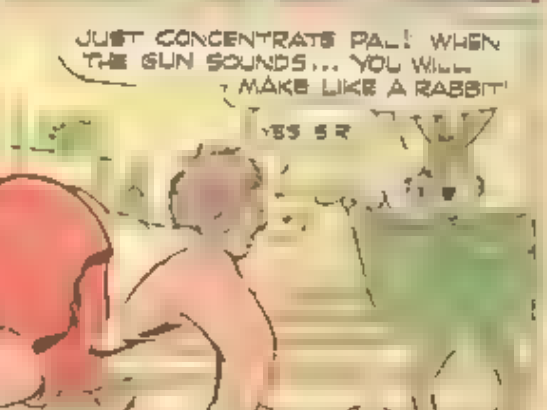
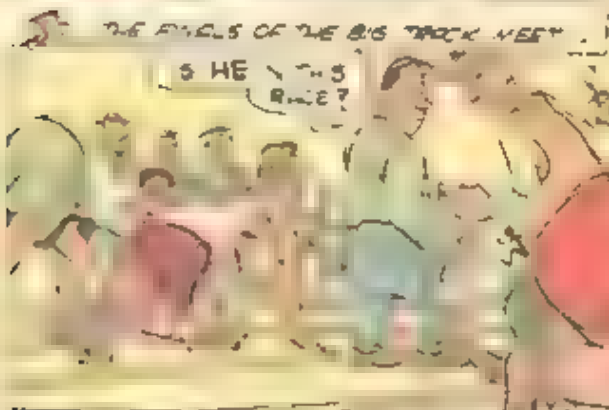
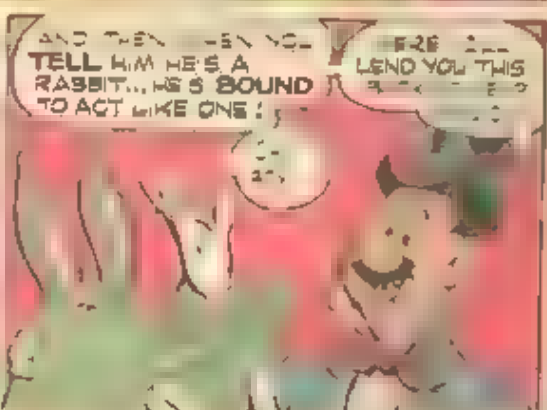
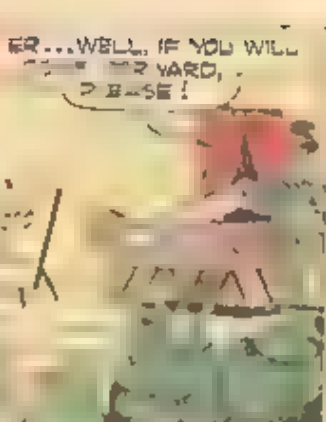
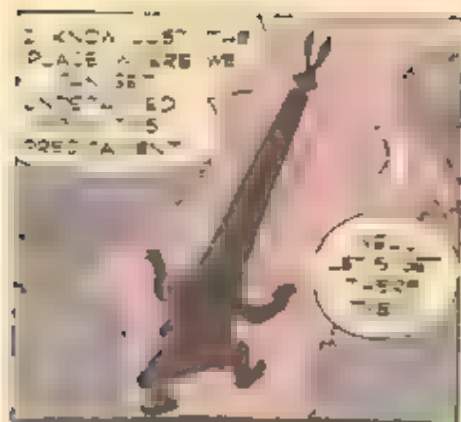
O-O-O-OH,
...JUMP?

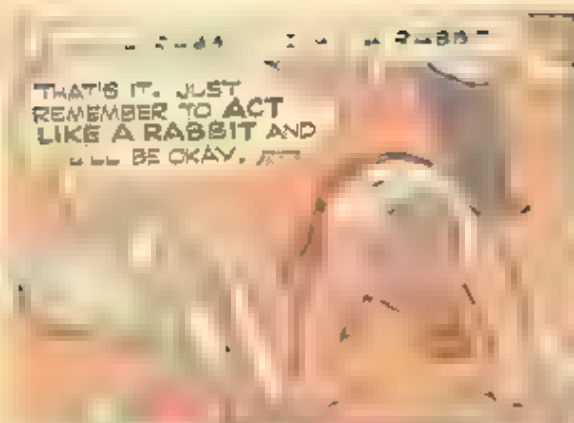












THAT'S IT. JUST
REMEMBER TO ACT
LIKE A RABBIT AND
YOU'LL BE OKAY.



HA. HA! WHAT EVENT
IS BIDLEY TRYING FOR?



YOU ACTED LIKE US RABBITS ALL RIGHT
BUT ONLY IN OUR WEAKER
MOMENTS! HE

DO



I'LL TEACH YOU TO
MESS WITH ME!

NO! NO. DON'T
THROW THAT!



YIPE!

2-8-5

JAVELIN!

...THE
...THE
...THE

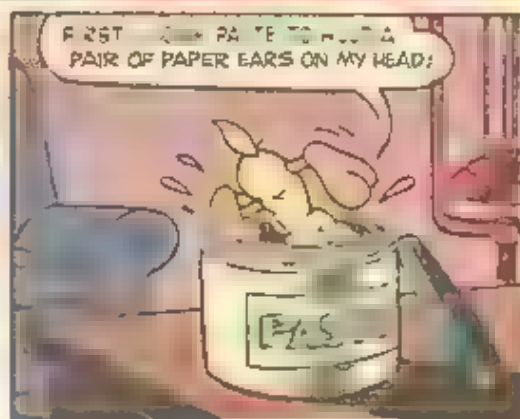
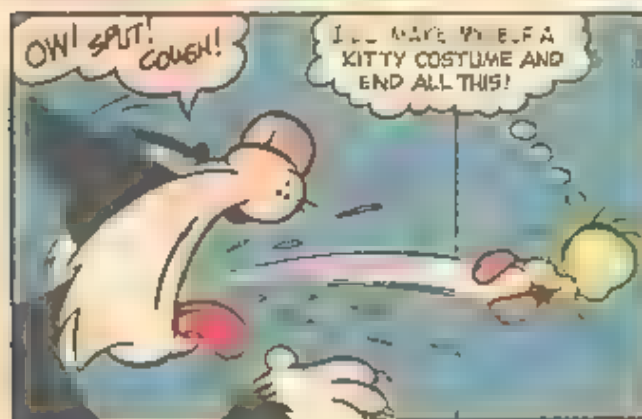
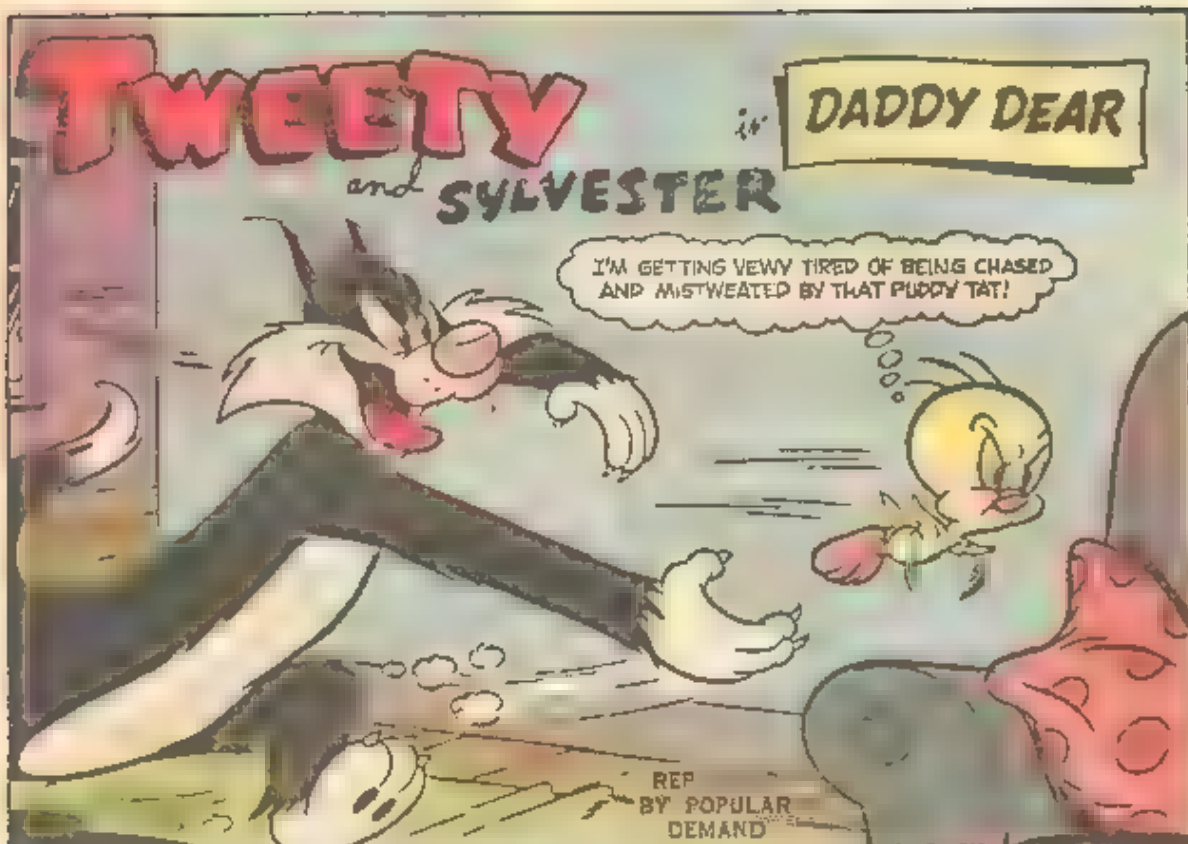


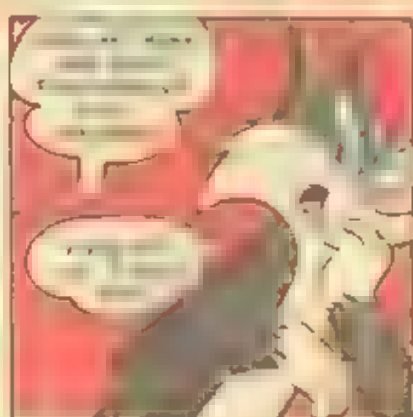
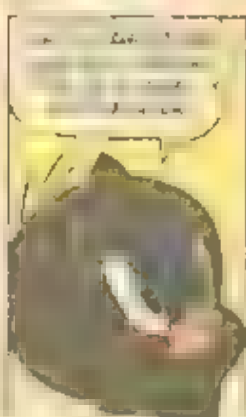
EVEN THE
DISCUS!

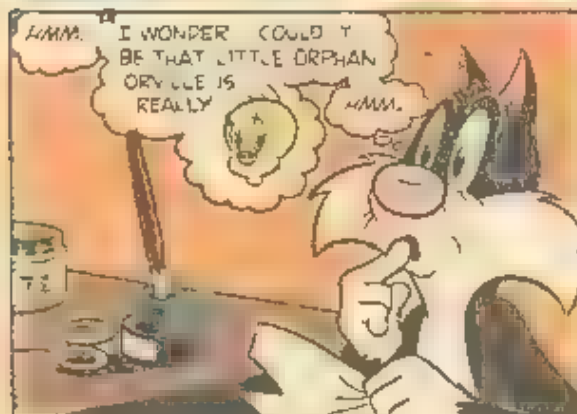
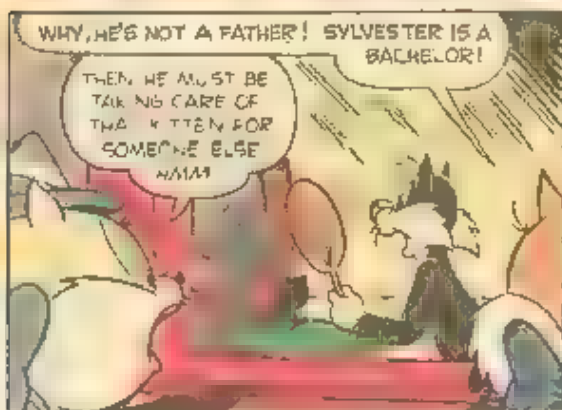
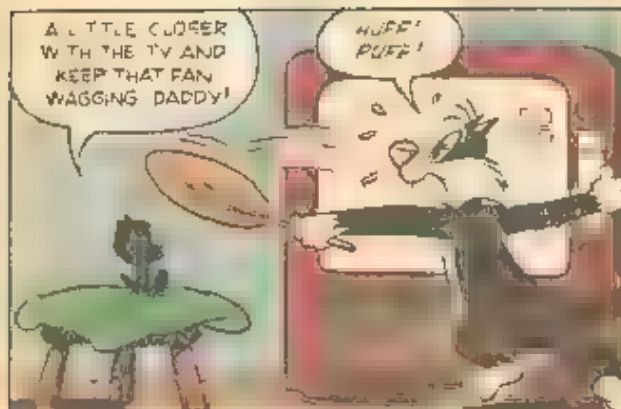


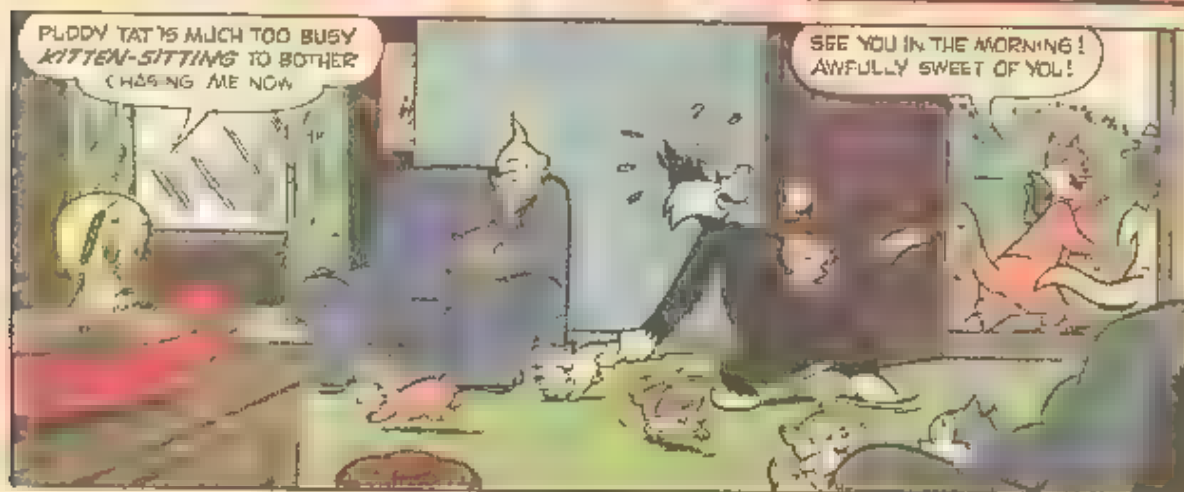
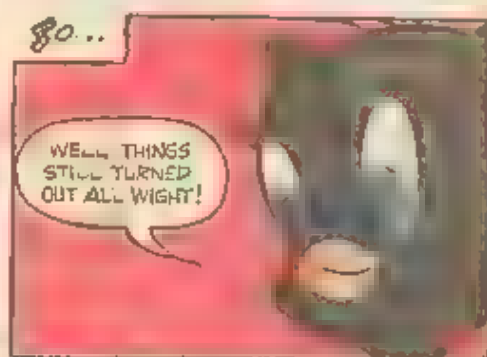
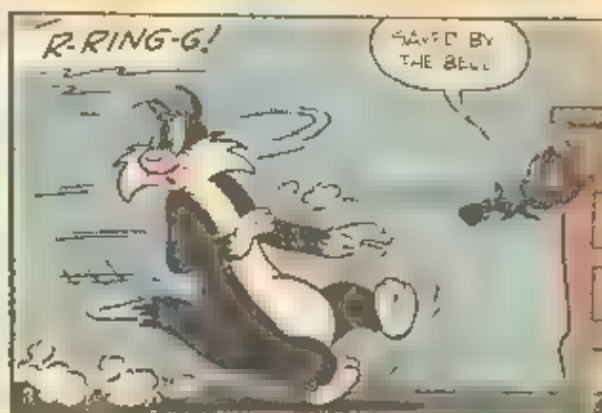
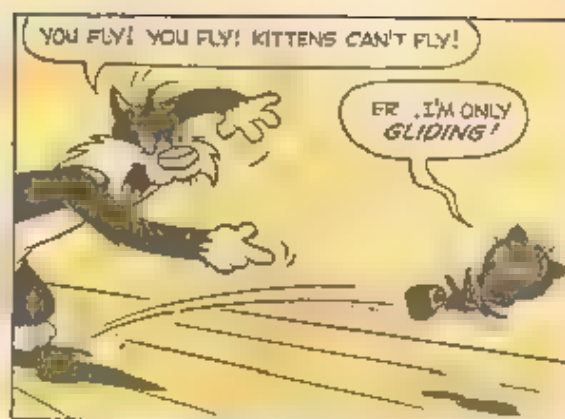
HEY! WELL, YO-
GOTTA ADMIT I
MANAGE TO GET
...THE
...THE
...THE











The HENPECKED VENTRILOQUIST



Ollie Owl studied the last page of the book he was reading, then threw back his head and hooted. "What a trick I can play on Henery Hawk!" he chortled. "Now that I've learned how to be a ventriloquist, I'll have him chasing an imaginary chicken around all day long!" He laughed so hard the tears ran down his cheeks. "Oh my!" gasped Ollie. "What a remarkable rogue I am!"

And off Ollie went down the road in search of Henery Hawk. When he spotted Henery a short distance away, Ollie ducked behind a bush. Summoning all of his recently learned knowledge, Ollie then flapped his arms wildly against his sides, sent his voice off into space and cackled, "Kut kut kudaw! Kut kut kudaw!"

Henery Hawk stopped in his tracks. "I'm a little chicken hawk," he reminded himself, "and that's a mighty pleasant sound I hear off in the distance." He perked up his ears and waited for the chicken to cackle again.

Poor Ollie was shaking so hard with laughter at the success of his trick that it was a few seconds before he trusted his voice to try again. But as soon as he opened his mouth, he snapped it shut in amazement. For walking straight toward Henery was a big plump hen!

Henery was pretty surprised himself... so much so, he forgot to pounce. "I th-thought you were over there!" he sputtered, pointing across the way.

The mother hen clucked nervously. "Where? Which way? Did you hear a sound? You see," she explained, "one of my chicks has strayed away from the brood, and I've been frantic with worry!"

"You'd be even more frantic if you recognized me!" Henery said, strutting a bit.

"Oh, I know you," the mother hen clucked wearily. "but I'm far too upset to be very good eating myself, and if anyone ever laid a hand on one of my chicks, he'd certainly be a dead duck or hawk, as the case might be!" she added, glowering at Henery.

Henery nodded. "I see what you mean," he gulped. "Come on, and I'll help you search for your chick."

Ollie Owl strained his ears in vain. "What are they talking about?" he wondered. "Why isn't Henery hawking?" He shrugged. "Ah, well, I'll give them both something to think about!" He flapped his arms wildly and cackled, "Kut kut kudaw!"

"Over there!" Henery shouted, but the anxious hen was way ahead of him.

"Kut kut kudaw!" Ollie teased them. Just then, a leaf tickled his nose. "Kut kut ACHOO!" Ollie sneezed.

The hen changed directions and pounced on top of the startled owl. "You fiend!" she shrieked. "What have you done with my little chick?" And she clawed at Ollie for all she was worth.

"Hold her off!" Ollie gasped to Henery. "I can explain everything!"

"A likely story," the hen snuffed, as Ollie hurriedly set matters straight. "Ventriloquist, indeed!"

Suddenly, there was a "cheep" from behind the bush, and a little chick peered out fearfully. The mother hen raced to it protectively.

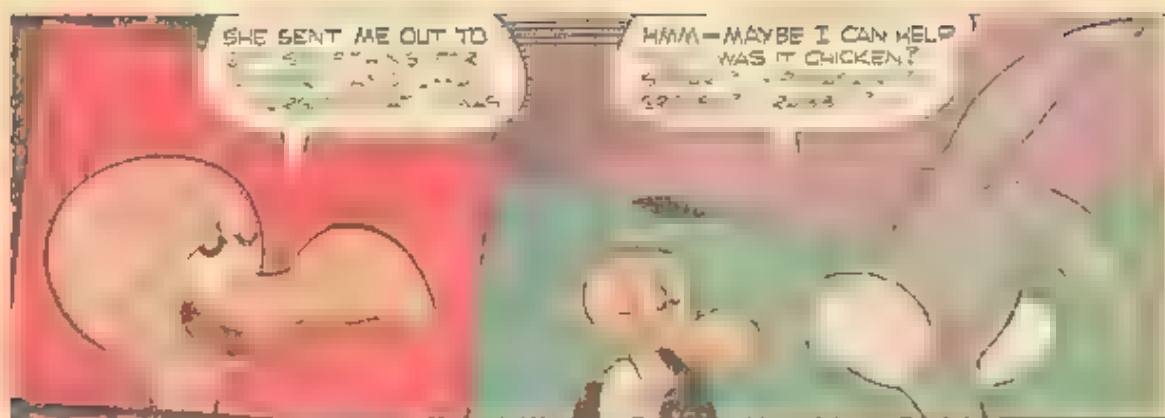
Don't worry" Henery grinned. "You're looking at a chicken-hearted hawk, and I'm looking at a henpecked ventriloquist!"

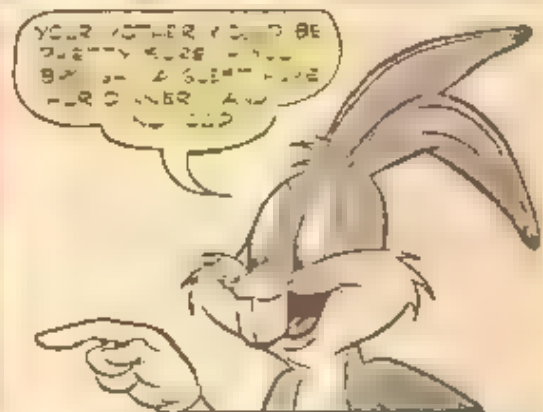
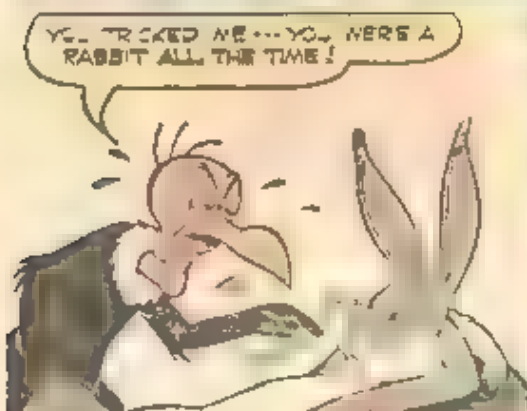
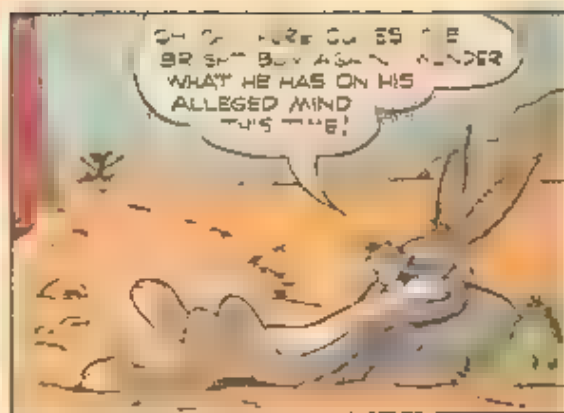
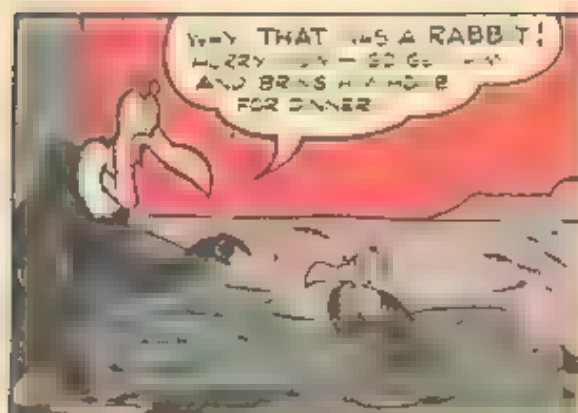
And Ollie Owl winced while Henery Hawk laughed all the way back home.

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MISS BUNNY



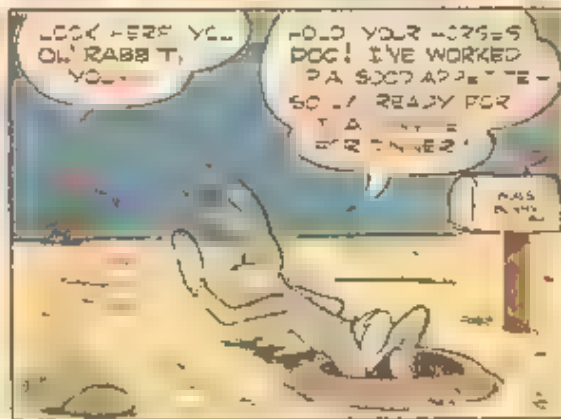
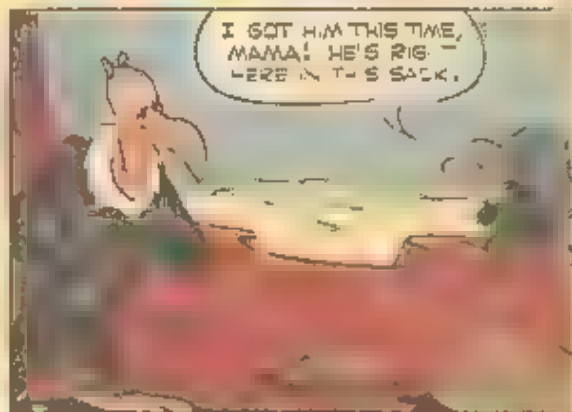




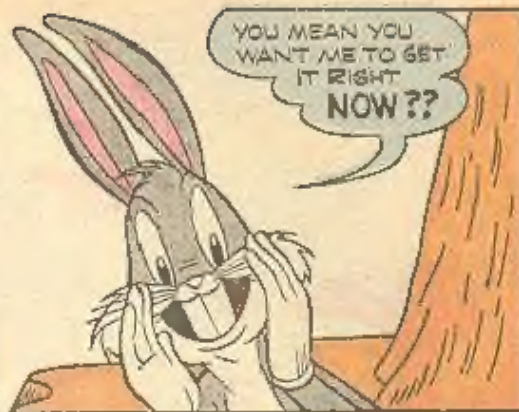
UH -
SWELL!













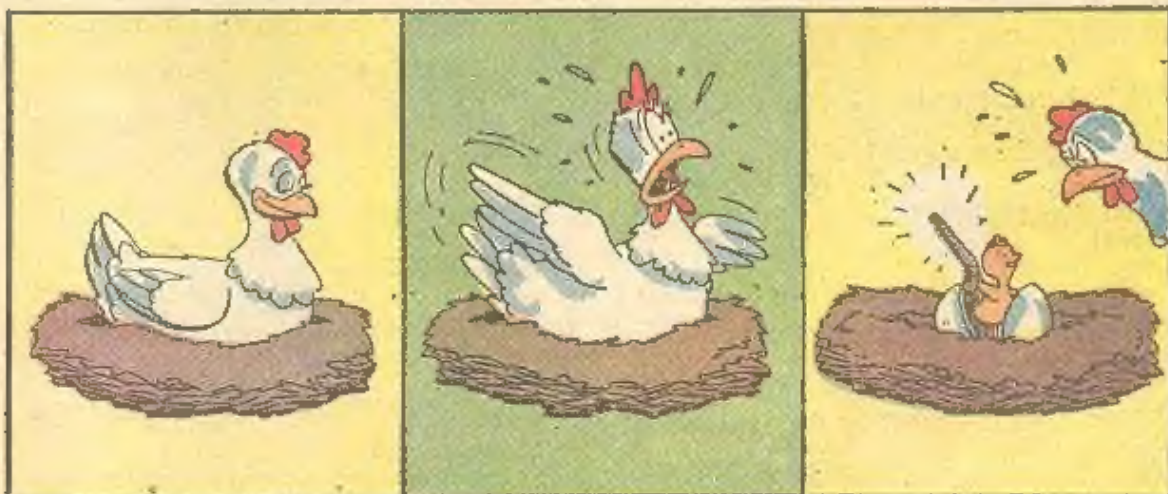
COMPLETE THE COMIC

Our gag artist is in trouble again. He started this cartoon a few days ago and he's still sitting at the drawing board waiting for an inspiration for the final panel. The poor fellow hasn't slept or eaten in a week. **HELP HIM!** Send in a funny ending to Complete The Comic, c/o Gold Key Comics Club at the address given below. We'll print the ones we think are the funniest. We know you can do it! Let's see how many different ones you can come up with.



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As an example, here's one he started and finished all by himself.



Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper. • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually. • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS
ALL
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POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.



Riddle: What is boiled, then cooled, sweetened and then soured?
Answer: Iced tea!

Thomas Searl—Gaithersburg, Md.

Clarabelle: How did you enjoy riding on that horse, Mickey?

Mickey: I didn't know anything stuffed with straw could be so hard!

Thomas Caldwell—Hollis, New York

Jane: My brother ran four blocks in five minutes!

Jan: Sounds like he broke a record!

Jane: He did! That is why he was running!
Scott Houston—Hamden, Conn.

Elevator Operator: Step out, son!

Boy: What makes you call me son?

Operator: Well, I brought you up, didn't I.
Carol Dixon—Englewood, N.J.

Visitor: Why do you call your town "Fish Hook"?

Native: Because it's at the end of the line!
Doug Weber—Rocky River, Ohio

Riddle: Why is it so hard to hold a conversation with a goat around?

Answer: Because a goat is always butting in.
Karen Scott—Middletown, Ind.

Mary: What word is always pronounced wrong!

Gary: Wrong!
Sandra Blackburn—Tahuya, Wash.

Riddle: Who is the king of all jokers?

Answer: Pop corn!
Kelly Fulsome—Mesa, Ariz.

Riddle: What is bought by the yard but is worn by the foot?

Answer: Carpets!
Sarah Conner—Isabel, Okla.

Sam: I wonder why that stork sleeps standing on one leg?

Tam: Because he'd fall down if he tried to put both legs under his wing!

Barbara Egle—Gridley, Ill.

Riddle: How many apples were eaten in the Garden of Eden?

Answer: Eve ate, Adam too, and the Devil won. That makes eleven!

Drew Allix—Exton, Pa.

What is the beginning of eternity, the end of time and space, The beginning of every end, And the end of every place?

Answer: "E."

Gene E. Utterback—Forestville, Md.

Shirley: My friend's father is a diamond cutter.

Tim: You mean he is a jeweler?

Shirley: No, he mows the grass on the baseball field.

Fred Truley—Stanford, Ont., Canada

Sal: I hear that Margie and Harry had some hot words. Is that true?

Peg: Yes, she threw a bowl of hot alphabet soup at him.

Linda Cary—Cherry Hill, N.J.

Riddle: What kind of shoes are made from banana skins?

Answer: Slippers.

John and Mike Hurst—Las Cruces, N.M.

Riddle: Mississippi is a long word, can you spell it with two letters?

Answer: I-T.

Barbara Moore—Lexington, Nebr.

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